



## **bright, so bright for you by Val-Creative**

**Category:** Stranger Things, 2016

**Genre:** Hurt-Comfort, Romance

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eleven/Jane H., Mike W.

**Pairings:** Eleven/Jane H./Mike W.

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**Summary:** Missing scene for Season 3, Episode 8. Mike says I love you back to El.

## bright, so bright for you

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"Where'd you get the bear?" Mike asks lightheartedly, reaching into the closet for the high shelf. He's close enough to where El can nearly feel his warmth, her nostrils filling with the odor of Mike's laundry soap and perspiration.

El waits, clutching her arms snugly around her teddy bear as Mike hands it over, pushing her chin into the soft, gray fur.

"... *Hop*."

There's a heaviness El cannot see for herself lingering between them. Mike's dark eyes squinting in sadness. She's already sad. For Momma, for Hopper being *gone*. For leaving her best friends. Joyce says that Bob's hometown would be a nice place to settle down for the time being and find some new faces. El has never seen Derry, Maine on Hopper's crumpled maps before — but they'll be *fine*, Joyce insists.

"Hey, El..." She gazes up broodingly, as Mike speaks up, his expression troubled. One of his hands wraps against El's forearm. "I know you're having a hard time with everything right now, but I'm here... always... if you wanna talk."

"I know." The corners of El's mouth twitch up. "I don't want to dump your ass anymore, Mike."

Mike's laughter echoes through the bare, sunlit room.

"That's good news."

"... *I love you*," El murmurs, hugging her arms together tighter, shyly accepting a hug from her boyfriend. Mike said it before. At the cabin. And El's heart pounded so fast, all the way up her throat. Her stomach fluttering. She wanted to tell him it back then.

Dust brightens around them. Mike's black hair illuminated, shining

like little, fine threads. El cards her fingers in, holding the side of his face. "Love you too, El," Mike rumbles out, grinning widely, accepting a short, sweet kiss from her. His lips hovering against hers, chapped and deep pink. "At least it won't be 353 days until the next time I see you."

El giggles, teary-eyed and smiling. It feels wobbly, weak and stretched to the limit, but she has to focus on Mike's warmth.

She hopes he will be fine without her.

For now.

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*Stranger Things isn't mine. I FINISHED ALL OF SEASON 3 WITHIN A DAY. OH. I HAVE EMOTIONS. TELL ME YOURS. And oh I hope you guys enjoy this!*

*((Want a request for Stranger Things? I'm doing 100-500 word drabbles of any friendship or romantic ship + any prompt until I feel like quitting. Rules: you need to comment here and provide a friendship or romantic ship and prompt. Please do not ask for anything with Billy Hargrove. Thank you. The only requests I'll be looking at is if you ALSO commented about the fic you just read as well. It's only fair. You came to this fic to read it and me doing something for you later on is a sweet bonus!))*